

were shot in an apartment of even scan-

### Tragedy of the Rue Des Martins.

He was lying on his back, head on the pillow. What did it betoken? Had murder crept into this humble dwelling or was it a suicide I beheld? Involuntarily drawing near the bed, I looked at the face before me more closely. It was that of a young and pretty woman, and while fondly touching her forehead with my fingers, I asked myself: How could such a face be so marred? It was almost a lady's face, and had it not been for the evidence of toil displayed by the hands I should certainly have taken it for such. As it was I could not doubt that a real working-woman lay there, though from the marks of refinement about her face, I could not guess the presence of certain choice books on the shelf over her head, she was evidently a woman of taste and education.

"It is a suicide!" I declared, seeing a bottle of well-known poison protruding

Inevitably I had read these words aloud. A murmur of almost ferocious sympathy greeted them from the crowd that had gathered at my back. The sound distressed me, for my thoughts had flown to the Polish people, and I had seen the Polish and German men I had myself seen in the morning. This was a grave legislation to be alone, and shouldering my way out past the humble table set so touchingly near a small stove, destined to be used by I understand into the night.

But before I could reach the stairs a woman stepped and laid her hand on my arm. It was the same woman who had given the first alarm.

"Would you mind stepping into my room a minute," she asked. "There is something I should like to show you."

Startled, I followed at once.

"What is it?" I inquired, when we

"You saw her, then, after her return?"  
 "A moment. She came to my door  
 with this letter you have there. As soon  
 as I saw her I knew what had happened,  
 but I couldn't speak. My tongue



They lived in a plain but sufficiently comfortable apartment, and had for neighbors two young men by the name of Picard, brothers. These two young men occupied the apartment above them and one of them, a tall, thin fellow, who was fond of music, a natural acquaintance had sprung up between him and M. Lepage, which presently involved the older brother and Mlle. Lepage. The consequence was that, with the elder brother, fell in love with a young girl, and being himself a man of conventional prejudices—the father, Communist in fact—he offered to marry her, and to give her fortune than that of his own youth and her father's old age. The father was delighted. First, because he felt himself failing in health and was anxious to see his darling's future secured; and, secondly, because he liked this man, who was a good fellow also in the world, easy and smiling, and who had his dear and much-loved daughter.

Mr. Why he felt this extraordinary affection for a man of whom he was ignorant, and to himself he knew but little, he did not have told if he had tried. Certainly, he did not, because he understood him, for he did not. Neither was it because the other possessed attributes of a peculiar or marked nature. Jean Picard was not handsome, nor was he even gifted in manner or conversation, yet Longue loved him. And indeed the prospect of meeting his son-in-law with as much fervor as he had been the owner of millions, instead of being the physician of one of the poorest and worst-paying quarters in the whole city. He trusted him, and that fact, perhaps, illustrated his character of the two men. For Jean Picard was trusted in all matters of the heart and conscience; it was only his head that was at fault, or, perhaps, I should say his temperament. He had labored in the cause of the first revolution, and believed in it. Especially in the night of the people. But of course, nothing to say in these days, his head was being joined in the one wish, the one hope, the one purpose, to make Elise his wife.

The swelling which he had chosen to tell Mr. Lepage—he had never married—

"You are in trouble," said he, shortly. "What is it?" Then as he saw his brother start and almost drop, his eyes, added bitterness: "Have you told her what you are doing?"

"I don't dare," said Elsie, in a hurry. "Camilla, who was of a haughty sort, but who for certain reasons stood somewhat in awe of his brother, looked for a moment as if she could have leaped at his throat, but he retreated himself, and while the veins swelled on his forehead and his face grew fiery red he stammered:—

"Whom do you mean by her? I do not understand you."

"I mean Elsie; you understand me perfectly," said she, but he gave her no straightforward response. "But if you must have names I allude to Elsie, the pure, innocent, high-minded girl whom by acts I do not profess to understand you have succeeded in 'pleasing' till, for aught I know, she considers you a model."

In an instant he came back. His face was like stone and he had in his hand a box fully packed, which he set heavily down on the table before Camille's eyes.

"What does that mean?" he asked.

"Where are you going, and why have you kept your departure a secret from me?"

For a moment the stricken Camille did not reply; then he broke down and, flinging himself on his knees, burst forth with the cry

"I am a ruined man, Jean!—I tried it again, and this time it will be found out. To-morrow, to-night, possibly, my employment will be cancelled."

"How much is it?" broke in Jean, in a low, strained voice.

"Ten thousand francs," murmured the other. "All gone."

"At any rate," said Camille, holding down his head.

Jean drew back, covering his face for a moment with his hands.

"I have just that amount," he said, "saved up. Your employer shall have it to-day. As for you," he added bitterly, "I'll wash."

"You know why I go. She loves me and she trusts me. I—I would have persuaded her to go with me if I could. I love her, I say, whatever you may call it. I love her, I say, and I hear, and if I could I would have induced her to leave her father who would not have caught me in this box. It was my despair."

He stopped. There was something in Jean's face which told him that silence was better than speech at this moment. The first words of Jean convinced him of it.

"You are a villain," said he, "and the punishment of your villainy shall be a confession. I hope to marry Elise Levesque," he went on, raising his hand for emphasis, "and I saw his brother about to protect, and I saw his brother shall remain for life in needful care, and the name of one so unworthy at court."

A whirl of thoughts assailed Jean through Elizabeth's brain. She felt dizzy, almost sick, as she tried to breathe. Opening the door into her father's room, she stepped in. All was quiet. The good man was evidently asleep. Hastily crossing the floor she palmed the little sitting-room beyond, and closing her door behind her, struck a match, stopping but a moment to regain breath. Then, the numbing beats of her heart, she approached the hall door and softly opened it. A low cry escaped her as she did so, the two crying a hiding on the threshold bare in their countenance even signs of subdued agitation.

"What is it?" she faintly breathed, falling back with a slow step as she entered. "Why are you here so late? And together?" she could not help adding, and then, she learned from the one face to the other, both so white, and drawn, that both so filled with that strange, morbid, which a woman only sees on the countenance of the man who loves her.

"It is not enough, Camille; tell her why you go away to-night. Tell her it is a sign."

"You have said it," murmured the other, half savagely; then, as Jean re-cried harshly, "My conscience, I am unworthy of your attention. I am no longer an honest man. I—I have—"

"Stolen," added a deep, firm voice.

The silence that followed this word was such as could be felt.

"Ask you wished to take me with you?" were the words that first interrupted it.

"I love you," murmured Camille, in a broken, miserable tone.

Rise turned slowly away.

"My father! my father!" burst forth

from Paris at this terrible hour!"

Jean Picard, on the contrary, showed more than one tear. Perhaps the recollection he had put upon himself in this tragic scene which had preceded this catastrophe was giving him revenge upon himself, or perhaps the look of peace with which the old man surveyed him and his daughter, standing as they were side by side, struck him by its contrast to the sad reality. It was midnight, as we have said, and the clock was striking. A ceased the dying man spoke:

"May I not see your two hands joined?" he asked, gazing tenderly at Jean and Elise.

As though a thunderbolt had fallen a moment since, Elise started and fell back. Jean hastily cleared the room, and then laid her gently up to the bedside, he said solemnly:

"Maderolselle, you must pardon your

looked above with which Jean Picard accepted the trust thus imparted to him. He was a man of high position, the wife of Jean Picard, and the tragedy of the heart was begun which ended, as we have seen, in her death. For Elise was a conscientious woman, and, as I described, set all her hopes on the present. She was a young girl, and her husband's wife in heart as she was now in name. But that heart was at first too sore with the violent wrench it had sustained to experience much beyond gratitude, and, as I have said, Jean Picard did not dwell on his young wife's grief, but in a kind manner any token of that passion which inflamed his own life. Yet, the germ, if not the flower, of it was in his breast. Unconsciously to himself he was growing more loving and all the more devoted to her. He experienced, however, but the feeling that that she had given to his unworthy brother that she did not recognize it for what it was, and

The memory of that smile never left her. It haunted her day and night. The struggle into which she was forced for her freedom, already served to perpetuate the remorse. From the first, the practical woman she became a dreamer. All her soul centered in the one wish, one hope, of seeing him again, if only in whisper in his ears the truth that was beating in her own heart. She dared not become morose and more distant to her own friends. The first few dutiful letters she had written had never been answered, and she was so temperamental that made it impossible for her to risk the chance of her heart being broken by the silence of his hands. But she could not entirely smother her desire for utterance. At last it came to be written, which, though never sent, contained the beatings of her heart.

The high, the intolerable anguish expressed by that form, bent almost double by the sudden weight of woe which had fallen upon it, touched me to the quick. Grasping the hand of the first person I could reach, I asked:

"Who is he? What does this mean?"

But I did not need an answer to my question. I knew without words that Jean Picard stood before me.

It was after that that he was among the men that passed before her eyes in the wharf, but he was so changed by disease and grief she had not recognized him. He had been spending the last two hot

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